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BULGARIA'S entrance into the war will have a maleficent effect, will raise issues which will make the conclusion of a satisfactory peace far more troublesome. As we point out elsewhere, no question of obligation or loyalty is involved. Bulgaria, like Italy, is playing her own hand. She is going into the war in order to obtain redress for the ill-treatment received by her from her former allies in the treaty of Bucharest, and she has taken the side of the Central Powers because her rulers expect them to win. But while Bulgaria is only playing the game as Serbia, Greece and Rumania played it with Europe's consent at the end of the second Balkan war, or as Italy played it last spring, her adhesion to the Central Powers will make the Balkan problem very much more difficult of adjustment. If the diplomacy of the Allies could have succeeded in reconstituting the Balkan Confederation, it would have accomplished a result which would have tended to liberate the Balkan peoples from internal dissensions and external dependence. A league of the Balkan states would eventually have been no less ready to resist Russian than Austrian aggression. It would have taken an independent and important place in the European international organization. The action of Bulgaria makes any such union indefinitely remote. The enmities among the Balkan states will be intensified and perpetuated. Either Bulgaria or her neighbors will emerge from the war crushed and subjugated. Peace in the Balkans will mean nothing but an armed truce, which will be prevented from becoming anything better by the shadow of a Russian or a German army.

THE New York constitution is still being opposed chiefly because of its omissions. Frank Polk, counsellor for the State Department, intends to vote against it because New York City has not been unequivocally emancipated from state legislative control. But if the revised constitution is rejected, the city will remain even more completely subject to state control, and New Yorkers will have every assurance that the control will continue to be exercised as irresponsibly as it has been in the past. The revised constitution does contain a provision for home rule which will certainly do something to increase the autonomy of counties and municipalities, but even if it contained no such provision the best chance the city has to secure emancipation from embarrassing interference by the state government is to assist in the creation of an improved state political organization. The legislature has been an obstacle to the more businesslike administration of the affairs of New York City because it was subject to an irresponsible political and local control. If the legislature is emancipated from these blind and selfish masters and provided with more responsible leadership, the emancipation of the city will assuredly follow. But until the state is delivered from its invisible government the city will always be threatened with interference from Albany in its local business. These persistent attempts to ignore the considerable advances made in the revised constitution towards a more responsible state govern-

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ment, and to condemn the work of the convention because it omitted many possibly admirable provisions, are themselves sufficient comment on the net excellence of the convention's work. Its opponents expose the weakness of their case by ignoring what the convention has done and by concentrating their protests upon what it has failed to do. If they insist upon voting against the revised constitution because of what it does not contain, why not vote for it because of all the wild and absurd proposals which the convention rejected?

BY conventional standards of national honor the outcome in Mexico is not in the least flattering. If we were a people consisting entirely of Southern colonels, there would be good reason for thinking ruefully about the dignity of the United States. Carranza has had his way; Mr. Wilson has had to take his medicine. It is the best thing Mr. Wilson could do. He has bowed to the will of a weak faction when he might have crushed it with a turn of the hand. The American people has the comfort of knowing that its government was not infatuated with its own policy. To have deferred to a weaker people is an act not without honor. But with that admission our joy in Mr. Wilson's Mexican policy ends. It is hard not to feel that our relations with the other American nations to the south would be on a sounder basis if the government of the United States had given the impression that it knew what it was doing. Had we proclaimed only for what we intended to achieve, had we achieved some approximate articulation between words and deeds, the future of our diplomacy in the Caribbean would be easier. For excellent as it is to avoid being the Caesar among the nations, it is well not to be the Mr. Micawber.

AFTER all, the recognition of General Carranza does not close the Mexican problem. We cannot now wash our hands of the situation. The new government will have to fight for its life against revolutions based on American territory. If General Carranza is to succeed it will be necessary to keeps arms and supplies from his opponents, to stamp heavily on conspiracies engineered on this side of the Rio Grande. Nor is that all. The reconstruction of Mexico means financial aid from the United States, but that will be given only if our government becomes sponsor for General Carranza. In other words, our intervention in Mexico continues. We cannot ignore the so-called internal policy of this so-called sovereign state. The business of lending money to Mexico means some kind of supervision of the Mexican government. The task of our diplomacy now is to use the power of American credit for an insistence that Mexico shall reorganize on a solid foundation. This means that officially or unofficially the State Department will have to be consulted about how the money loaned to Mexico is spent.

AMERICANS are always spontaneous when they congratulate a President of the United states upon his engagement. His political opponents are at one with his supporters in wishing him joy. Beneath the sincere conventional words lies a deep belief that no happiness in the world is greater than the happiness of a perfect marriage, in which husband and wife have the same interests, the same hopes, the same tastes. Something even more cordial is felt at this hour for President Wilson. Since Lincoln no President has borne a heavier burden of public cares. Since Lincoln no President has been in keener need of a private life which would give him inspiration and intimate companionship in the intervals of his momentous decisions.

IN securing an announcement from President Wilson that he will vote for woman suffrage at the coming election in New Jersey the suffragists have a won a peculiarly significant victory. The President's decision is prophetic of the attitude which all political leaders and parties with a national constituency will be obliged to take. Little by little it will become as impossible for an American politician to oppose votes for women as it would be to oppose votes for men. For a while the reluctant ones will cover their retreat by pretending that the issue is local rather than national, but as the number of suffrage states increases, even this reservation will be abandoned. President Wilson's own conversion affords the best possible proof of the nationalization of the issue. It will change a great many votes, because it will convince many wavering and indifferent men that votes for women is certain to come and that they may as well acquiesce without further delay or agitation. The reason may seem unintelligent and shabby but it is not unintelligible. A fatalistic behavior of public opinion in a democracy is usually the expression of a necessity associated with the very substance of democratic institutions. In the long run the disfranchisement of women would be no less fatal to a sincere democracy than negro slavery would be; and slavery before the war was declared by all of its friends to be a local issue.

THE manifesto by the envoys of the International Congress of Women is big news. The envoys have visited the chancellories of all the belligerents and most of the neutrals in Europe, and they state that the fighting powers "would not be hostile" to the calling of a Congress of Neutrals,

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and that of European neutral nations three are ready to join, and two are discussing whether they should call such a conference. It is the most hopeful and most definite news put forward in many a day. As we understand it, the proposal is to create a continuing congress of neutral nations which might grow into an organ of mediation. Much, if not everything, seems to depend on the leadership of the United States. We shall not plunge thoughtlessly into so vast a responsibility. But if the proposal in the light of criticism offers any decent chance of success, our government cannot fail to act upon it.

REPRESENTATIVES of the real estate associations of New York City have appeared before the Mills Committee and advocated the suppression of all social service by the city as a measure of necessary "economy." If the advice were followed, New York would become a stench in the nostrils of decent people all over the country. That it should even be suggested by conveniently respectable members of the community is a terrible exposure of the way in which men can be demoralized by the possession of anti-social interests. The finances of the city are in a bad way, but they are in a bad way chiefly for two reasons. During a generation property-owners all over New York have been insisting upon a liberal policy of local "improvements" at the expense of the whole city; and this policy has gradually resulted in the piling up of a colossal municipal debt, the interest on which has become the most serious drain on the city's resources. During all this time many disinterested citizens have been laboring hard to protect the people of New York against the wasteful manner in which its ordinary revenues and its borrowed money were being spent, but in all this effort the real estate owners were chiefly on the side of their enemies. The disastrous financial position of the city is due in part to the cupidity and lack of public spirit of the landed proprietors. So late as the last municipal election the leading real estate association of the city endorsed the Tammany candidate. And now when the city is suffering from the greed and neglect of these proprietors they wish to ease their own well-deserved burdens by assessing the cost on the poor and the needy, to debase the city as a whole to the level of their own sense of public obligation. Should they succeed it would be time for self-respecting citizens to quit New York.

AT the height of the Ulster crisis in Ireland, Sir Edward Carson declared that between 200,000 and 250,000 Ulstermen were ready to take arms to defend the Union, under the folds of the Union Jack. It was part of the rebellion of the Tory army officers that they could not fire on citizens who displayed this symbol. With the outbreak of war the Irish crisis passed, but Sir Edward Carson's followers found themselves presented with an even more urgent imperial crisis. The enemies of the Empire were no longer the southern Irish but armies somewhat more formidable and deadly. Against these legions it appears that the loyalists of Ulster have despatched 25,000 men instead of 250,000. This huge discrepancy illuminates the Irish situation. The quarrel between Ulster and the rest of Ireland is not on that high constitutional plane set forth in the Covenant. It is on a grim economic and religious plane. It is still a serious problem, but the war has squeezed much of the imperial bombast and rhetoric out of it.

ENGLAND'S restrictions upon trade between neutrals, whatever their immediate justification on technical military grounds, may still be very questionable diplomacy. The prosperity of Sweden, if not its very life, is dependent on sea-borne supplies of food, materials and coal. It is therefore practicable for England, by threatening to cut off this traffic, to force Sweden to place an embargo on exports to Germany, and to pass goods in transit to Russia. There is a definite though not very important military end to be attained through such a policy, but it is too early to say whether it will pay in the end. All Sweden distrusts Russia, and chafes under the increased costs of defense made necessary by the Russification of Finland and the threatened fortification of the Aaland Islands. Many Swedes sympathize with the German cause in the present struggle. There are Swedish *Realpolitiker* who are vehemently urging the Swedish people to strike for a Greater Sweden. Fortunately the large majority of the Swedish people prefer peace to an adventurous policy of expansion in alliance with Germany. But arbitrary and tactless commercial restrictions imposed upon Sweden by the Allies might easily change the popular mood. Allied diplomacy cannot afford to risk a check in the north even more serious than its Balkan defeat.

THE convict lease system has survived many exposures, but the arraignment of the treatment of state prisoners just made by the Alabama Legislative Investigating Committee is not likely to make the practice more popular. The committee members were sickened by the stupid brutality and greed which they discovered. They found farmers' sons, young mountaineers, accustomed to living in the sunshine, condemned to work underground in the coal mines, beginning before sunrise and laboring until long after sunset, with insufficient and ill-prepared food, and treated so brutally that "the

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skin was literally beaten from the backs." In the turpentine camps conditions were even worse. The convicts "were made frequently to rise at four in the morning, day in and day out, walk five or six miles to work, toil all day long with insufficient water and food, in the heat of the sun, until darkness comes, and then forced to walk into the camp for their supper." Inexperienced and untrained short-term convicts were put at extra-hazardous work, and a case was cited in which two boys arrested for stealing a ride on a train were blown up on their second day of work in a mine explosion. The Alabama committee, who were not philanthropists but rather conservative hard-headed men, declared the convict lease system to be "a relic of barbarism, a species of human slavery, a crime against civilization."

IT would be hard to conceive of a work of greater social importance than that which has been undertaken by the Committee on Provision for the Feeble-Minded, of which Mrs. E. H. Harriman, Henry Clay Frick and Katharine B. Davis are members. The Committee undertakes to arouse public sentiment to a demand for the proper care of the mentally deficient. It seems almost incredible that the public is not already alive to the dangers of the present situation. There are at least 250,000 feeble-minded persons at large in the United States, the greater part of whom have no adequate care and protection. Hence the serious problem of the illegitimate offspring of the feeble-minded, transmitting the taint to the next generation, and the more disgusting problem of the exploitation of feeble-minded girls and women in professional vice. The problem of freeing the racial stock from the taint of mental deficiency is obviously one that must eventually be undertaken by the public authorities. In the meantime, there is acute need for private experimentation, supported by philanthropy, to work out methods of reconciling the interests of society with the happiness of the mentally defective.

APART from the sheer human wonder aroused by the wireless telephone communication with Honolulu, the most remarkable fact seems to be that this application of research has been carried out by a business corporation, and that the inventors and scientists remain anonymous. As evidence of human motives there is much to think about here. What is the incentive which impels these unknown workers, what secret have these corporations discovered which enables them to tap so inexpensively the most useful minds in America? When next we read that enterprise would collapse without dazzling rewards, that human nature is so and so, we shall not be able to refrain from thinking of these nameless benefactors of mankind. Their incentive seems somehow to be as good as those of the men who are piling up fortunes in war speculation, or of those who had grandfathers with a vision of real estate development.

IT is coming to be expected that the captain of industry should exercise his authority not only in his own interest but in the interest of his employees and of society at large. This is a revolutionary change, but it is so long overdue that each successive stage of it practically escapes our notice, it seems so entirely natural. Thus most of us note without mental comment the injunction of the German Handelstag to make places, so far as practicable, for the invalids produced by the war. Why should a man with two sound legs be sentenced to routine work at a desk when there is a legless man who can be taught to perform the function as well? According to strict business principles, an employer should discriminate between men only on grounds of cheapness or efficiency. The German Handelstag undertakes to persuade him to discriminate also on grounds of public policy, and the common sense of mankind will applaud the undertaking. There are cripples and invalids of peace as well as of war, and it will be only a slight step in advance for public opinion to require that employers give preference to them.

THERE are two ways in which the railroad companies can meet their increased costs due to rising wages and higher prices for materials. The more obvious is by securing permission from the Interstate Commerce Commission to raise rates; the better way is by a more efficient and economical operation. That railway operation is gradually becoming more efficient, as a result of more powerful engines, larger freight trains and a denser traffic, is proved by the statistics published each year by the Commission. In the fourteen years from 1900 to 1914 the freight traffic of American railways increased 104.3 per cent, or from 141 to 288 billions of ton-miles. The train which hauled 287 tons in 1900 hauled 481 tons in 1914, an increase of 67.6 per cent. In the case of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy this increased economy of operation, due to a greater traffic density and a better management, is especially apparent, for while the number of tons hauled a mile by that railroad increased 127 per cent, the number of trains drawn a mile actually decreased by 11.1 per cent. Even after this advance we seem to be only at the very beginning of the intensification of railroad operation. The increasing density of the population of the United States and the steady and rapid growth in production and exchange must give rise to a freight traffic of stupen-

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dous magnitude, and with this increase in the volume and density of traffic new reductions in the cost per unit should be easily possible.

Bulgaria's Debt to the Allies

EVER since it became clear that Bulgaria intended to throw in her lot with the Teutonic Powers and Turkey, there has been much talk of her ingratitude and treachery. Did not Bulgaria owe her liberation to Russia, and has not Russia always been her true friend? The Bulgarian view is that there are no true friends of Bulgaria, and that she owes no debt of gratitude to any foreign country, big or little. Granting that such a debt ever existed, it was liquidated in the second Balkan war, when Greece and Serbia and Rumania joined to despoil the nation that had borne the brunt of the fighting against the common enemy, and the great Powers all stood by, in cynical indifference, showing no other concern than for their own interests. The sole sentimental gain of Bulgaria from the war was the creation of a bond of sympathy with the Turk. For Bulgar and Turk could respect each other as honest foes.

It is worth while, however, to review the principal events in the relations of Bulgaria and Russia in order to ascertain for ourselves how far Bulgaria is morally justified in aligning herself against Russia. In the first place it is to be admitted that Bulgaria owes her independence solely to Russia's victorious war against Turkey, of 1877-78. And it is further to be admitted that Russia, whether animated by a concern for her own interests or not, proposed to deal very generously by her new foster child. The treaty of San Stefano provided for a big Bulgaria, extending from the Black Sea to the Aegean, and including all of Macedonia that could by any ethnological claim be assigned to Bulgaria. But the other Powers were not content with this solution of the Balkan problem, and at the Congress of Berlin handed back Bulgarian Macedonia to the Turk, constituted eastern Rumelia an autonomous province, and made of the remainder of Bulgaria a principality under Turkish suzerainty. For this unhappy dismemberment of Bulgarian territory—prime cause of the following decades of misrule and massacres, and finally of the Balkan wars, and possibly in an ultimate sense of the present European war—the diplomacy of Austria-Hungary and England was chiefly to blame. Those Powers feared a strong and united Bulgaria, under weighty obligations to Russia and likely to serve as shield for Russia's designs upon Constantinople.

So much for the original debt to Russia. It was a heavy one. But in 1885, when eastern Rumelia united itself with Bulgaria, Russia alone of the Powers protested. To understand the Russian opposition it is necessary to recall that by 1885 Bulgaria had developed a strong nationalist movement, as impatient of Russian influence as of that of any other Power, and that the Russian party was on the wane. Russia had worked for Bulgarian independence; but does Russia serve God for nought? Russia had begun to back Serbia, anyway, and was bitterly disappointed with the collapse of Serbian arms at Slivnitza. She saved her prestige, however, by bringing about the abdication in 1886 of Prince Alexander, and by forcing his successor, Prince Ferdinand, after a ten years' withholding of recognition, to square himself with the Russian party.

Bulgarian nationalism, nevertheless, would not down, and the Russian party had hard work holding its own, especially after 1908, when Bulgaria seized upon the opportunity given by the Russian war in the Far East and Austrian preoccupation with Bosnia and Herzegovina, to declare herself independent of Turkish suzerainty. In the meantime the Bulgarians had been consolidating their position in the Turkish territory that had been assigned to Bulgaria by the treaty of San Stefano. The Bulgarian church and the Bulgarian schools had pretty thoroughly Bulgarized the heterogeneous population of Macedonia. When the question of common action of the Balkan states against Turkey came to the front, it was conceded by Serbia that Macedonia as far as Monastir should fall to Bulgaria, according to the principle of nationality. Uskub and the adjacent parts of old Serbia were in dispute, neither country having an incontestable predominance. A treaty between the two nations was drawn up, specifying very precisely that the former territories should fall to Bulgaria in any event, and leaving the case of the Uskub section to the arbitration of the Czar of Russia.

What followed took place so recently that it does not require extended comment. By virtue of Bulgaria's geographical position, the work of expelling the main body of the Turkish soldiers from Thrace and damming the flood of new recruits from Asia Minor, fell to her, while the reduction of the isolated Turkish garrisons in the interior fell to Serbia and Greece. Each nation played its part well, but Bulgaria's was the one which represented the heaviest cost in blood. And with the main object of the war all but attained, the Turks hemmed behind the Tchataldja lines, the great Powers began to dispose. Bulgaria was not to be permitted to take Constantinople nor obtain a footing on the Sea of Marmora: Russia could never allow this. Serbia was not to hold Albania: Austria and Italy would never consent to this. But if Serbia could not have Albania, she would have to recoup herself by holding parts of Macedonia occupied by her

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troops that had been assigned to Bulgaria under the treaty of alliance. And if the principle of occupation instead of that of nationality were to govern, Greece would hold what she had occupied or could occupy, including practically all the Aegean littoral on which Bulgaria had counted as an outlet to the world. Of course Bulgaria could not be expected to acquiesce in this repudiation of the terms of the treaty of alliance, however reasonable it might seem to the other Balkan states. Accordingly Greece and Serbia prepared themselves, by a treaty of alliance against Bulgaria and by an arrangement with Rumania, for whatever attitude Bulgaria might assume. They prepared themselves further against Bulgarian resentment by fortifying points in the disputed territory, while Bulgaria was still offering up her sons at Tchataldja in the common cause.

With better pluck than understanding, Bulgaria resolved to fight for what she considered her full rights. She had lost a tenth of her men in the campaigns against Turkey, but she thought she had still enough to beat Greece and Serbia, and she did not expect to find other foes. The Czar forbade her to fight, and recalled the agreement to submit to Russian arbitration. But Bulgaria had agreed to arbitrate on points under the treaty of alliance, namely, as to the disposition of the Uskub section. The Serbs proposed to hold Monastir and a good share of Bulgarian Macedonia, and it was this question—something altogether new—that the Czar proposed to arbitrate. It was a foregone conclusion that the Czar would favor the Serbian claim. Austria-Hungary defined her position as recognizing the right of the Balkan states to fight it out if they wanted to. Germany saw the reasonableness of Rumania's demand for "compensation"—i. e., a slice of Bulgaria—England wrung her hands, and the fighting went on. The Turks, who had accepted the Enos-Midia line at the hands of the Powers, tore up the agreement and reoccupied Adrianople. The Serbs and Greeks took what they wanted, the Rumanians seized the Bulgarian Dobrudja, one-fortieth of the population of which is Rumanian. Some barren hills on the Black Sea, some stretches of mountain and swamp in Thrace, represent the gains of Bulgaria for her enormous sacrifices of blood and treasure. Bulgaria was robbed of her reputation as the most liberal and tolerant of the Balkan states through the publication of Greek and Serbian tales of Bulgarian atrocities. Bulgaria's side could not be heard, as her enemies had cut off all avenues of communication, and she is conscious to-day that most of the world regards her as a semi-savage state. So be it, say the Bulgars. We have no friends; we need none. We will defend our own independence and make our arrangements, not with peoples we trust—for there are none—but with peoples whose interests coincide in the main with our own.

Academic Freedom in Utah

UTAH is a remote state, and its political and social problems appear to dwellers east of the Mississippi as singularly local and devoid of general importance. And so only a fleeting interest was excited last spring by the report that seventeen members of the Utah State University faculty had resigned in protest against certain acts of the university authorities. Naturally it was assumed by everyone familiar with the lack of solidarity of university faculties, and with their general toughness under punishment, that conditions in the University of Utah must have been bad beyond description—but what was to be expected from Utah? A touch of humor was added by a circular letter from the Utah institution, addressed to various departments in eastern universities, offering the information that there would be a large number of vacancies to be filled, and suggesting that applicants get in early.

But the Utah crisis was not after all something of purely local concern. The forces that produced it were of the same character as those operating to impair the dignity and independence of the teaching staff in many universities of far older traditions. Such is the necessary deduction from the recently published Report of the Committee of Inquiry of the Association of American Professors. This report throws into clear relief the following features of the Utah University situation: An ambitious and growing institution, dependent upon the good will of the politicians for its bare existence; the political situation dominated by big business and the church (in this case, the Mormon Church—an unessential detail); an exceptionally spineless university president, ready to make any sacrifice of moral principle to hold the good will of big business and the church; a board of regents peculiarly frank in their contempt for educational values; a faculty enduring much but not everything; a student body growing restive under political and religious repression. Obviously there is nothing unique in all this, save that the condition attained to crisis instead of persisting in smouldering discontent.

The immediate cause of the Utah crisis was the dropping of two professors and two instructors. The president's charges against the two professors dropped were, in the one case, that the professor had "worked against the administration" (i. e., the president) and had "spoken very disrespectfully of the chairman of the board of regents"; in the other case, that the professor had "spoken in a depreciatory way about the university," and had "spoken in an uncomplimentary way about the administra-

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tion." The charge of "working against the administration" appears not to have had any substantial foundation in either case. Professor Knowlton pleads guilty to the charge that in private conversation he questioned the fitness for office of the chairman of the board of regents, and Professor Wise admits that he had "expressed the opinion that the educational standing of the university was inferior to that of such a university as Yale." One of the instructors was dropped apparently because he had coached, in rhetoric and delivery, a valedictorian whose oration, a mildly progressive affair, had given great offense to the Governor of the state. The head of the department of English, Professor Marshall, was reduced in rank on account of "inefficiency," to make way for a new head, Mr. Widtsoe, principal of the Latter Day Saints' High School, author of a volume of Mormon apologetics and editor of a Mormon Sunday-school organ.

In the course of the discussion evoked by the troubles in the university, the board of regents issued a "Public Statement," in which is recorded quite clearly the conception of academic freedom toward which the trustees of the University of Pennsylvania appear to be groping:

> It is argued to the Board that professors and instructors should have the right of free thought, free speech and free action. This cannot be and is not questioned. The Board, however, has the same rights. These privileges are reciprocal. . . . Professor Wise, for instance, has seen fit to belittle the University and to speak in an uncomplimentary way about the administration. That is his privilege. It is also the right and privilege of the President and Board to say that his course is wrong and refuse longer to employ him.

The report of the Committee of Inquiry has a considerable importance quite apart from the questions at issue in Utah. It is a first indication of what may be expected from the "Professors' Trade Union." As a piece of scholarly investigation and judicial analysis, the report is a masterpiece. The work is executed with the utmost impartiality and reserve, yet the reader is never left in the least doubt as to the bearing of the evidence. In its preface the committee apologizes for the wealth of details incorporated, but there is not a single detail presented that is not relevant and illuminating. If the Professors' Association lives up to the promise of this report, we shall have proceeded a long way on the road toward a sane and definite resolution of the problem of academic freedom. It will be impossible for university authorities to dismiss professors on grounds that will not bear the light, and then cover the action by vague references to the "best interests of the university." And on the other hand it will be impossible for professors dismissed for incompetence or unfitness to pose as martyrs to academic freedom.

Kings

EVEN in constitutional monarchies, which are supposed to be governed by representative assemblies, kings still occasionally behave as if they were more than conspicuous public inutilities. The King of Greece has just assumed the responsibility of dismissing a minister who was supported by a majority of the popular assembly, because the minister favored and the King opposed Grecian participation in the war on the side of the Allies. Interference by the crown in political controversies is often considered subversive of an effective system of parliamentary government. If King George of England during the July and August days of 1914, in which war and peace hung in the balance, had explicitly insisted on either one decision or the other, the resentment of public opinion would have been instantaneous and overwhelming. Yet the King of Greece has deliberately seized the leadership of the Grecian nation at an equally critical moment in the national history; and he has taken the leadership away from a man who had recently been voted into power by an emphatic popular majority. For the time being Constantine is very much of a king.

To the ordinary American this assumption of royal leadership will look like the usurpation of an autocrat; but the epithet does not help us to understand the real situation. All nations which are governed by popularly elected assemblies have not permitted their kings to become so completely negligible as George V. of England. The power of a king under a parliamentary system depends chiefly upon the comparative amount of popular confidence reposed in the crown and in the parliament as institutions. In Great Britain parliament has earned by its services to the nation during many centuries so much popular confidence that its nominees have been authorized to appropriate the whole of the royal prerogative. But in other countries the service to the nation of popular assemblies has been very much smaller, while the service of the crown, as in the case both of Greece and Italy, may have been substantial. In these countries the crown frequently exercises a large measure of political initiative—particularly whenever a domestic or foreign crisis threatens the safety of the nation. The royal leadership is circumscribed by many limitations, and the king who assumes it realizes that a serious mistake may well cost him his crown; but he prefers to risk the loss of his crown and even his life than be reduced to utter political negligibility. The political initiative exercised by him particularly during grave national crises may counteract the effects of a real weakness in the parliamentary system. At critical moments nations may need an independence and self-confidence of leadership which

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is more natural to a king than to the most influential man in a popular assembly.

An hereditary king no less than the legislature may have a genuinely representative function. He may embody and symbolize the national unity in so far as it is rooted in the past—in common memories, cherished habits of association and instinctive loyalties. A popular assembly, on the other hand, represents the immediate claims, experiments and uncertainties of contemporary life. Selected members of the community gather together and seek to find a sufficient basis of agreement on which to erect an authoritative government. But this more immediately representative government embodies the will of only a dominant party in the assembly or in the community. There will be other parties in and out of the legislature which are engaged in a perpetual and sometimes a bitter conflict with the dominant party. In some cases these factional quarrels are carried on without impairing the common loyalty to the state or the ability of all the parties to agree upon a decisive course of action in moments of national danger. In others the party differences are irreconcilable enough to imperil the stability of the political order and the safety of the state. If such is the situation, one of two results is likely to follow. Either the representative government will go to pieces, as it did in the case of the July monarchy in France, or the king, as the incarnation of the national unity, will emerge from his seclusion and take some independent and decisive action in the interest of the national safety.

Independent and enterprising royal leadership may consequently be necessary just in so far as the radical dissensions of a popularly elected assembly drive a nation with a constitutional king into a valley of mere altercation and indecision. King Constantine, believing as he did that the Greek national interest demanded the preservation of neutrality at least for the present, intervened to prevent his country from joining the Allies. If he is wrong he may lose his crown. If he is right he may save it as well as contribute decisively to the welfare of the people of Greece. In either event the prestige of the crown seems to be sufficient to persuade the nation to accept his leadership and await the results. Neither is Greece the only modern nation to which the political initiative of an independent non-partisan executive may have its use. Frenchmen frequently deplore the weakness of their presidency and their lack of any agency of national as opposed to factional representation. We may even be hearing before long the same regrets expressed in Great Britain. More than any other European people with a parliamentary system, the British have managed to dispense with the need of a royal umpire to make difficult decisions for them, to compose their differences and to supply authoritative national leadership. Yet of late years their domestic differences have become so acute and so threatening to their national safety that they are beginning to feel the lack of any reserve of royal prerogative and prestige to draw upon in case their immediate political liabilities are in danger of exhausting their available assets. It is all very well to erect the crown into a symbol rather than an agent of the national unity; but what if the crown ceases to symbolize any living bond of union?

Our readers must not infer that THE NEW REPUBLIC is becoming an apologist for monarchy. A king can represent the national unity in so far as it is the fruit of traditions and instinctive association. He cannot represent it in so far as it is the fruit of loyalty to formative national purposes and ideals. The practical usefulness of a king must always be proportionate to the political ineptitude of his subjects. If they allow their mutual differences to become irreconcilable, and their national policy ambiguous, indecisive and aimless, royal leadership may be preferable to national disintegration. But a self-governing democracy cannot with impunity obtain its national momentum from any such forced political draught. It must be held together by the bond of mutual obligation and joint national service; and it must convert this bond of common national service into a source of momentum by identifying the nation with a positive and formative social ideal. Finally, it must contrive a mechanism of representation which will give all the divergent classes and interests in the community an opportunity of expression and the obligation to justify in the eyes of its associates its appearance in public. Its unity must be created and increased as the result of many-sided popular effort and must have a permanent record in the book of popular experience.

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Patriotism in the Rough

"And the man removed from his country has torn from his shoulders the net of human relationship wherein he might have learnt love, which so greatly fortifies the will to live. Never will he be knit to many people by laughter over local jokes, never will he join with strangers in the shamelessly untuneful singing of old songs about past national glories. . . . Only in one's own country is the rose of life planted where one would have it, shaped as far as could be by the will of one's own people, nourished by one's own blood."—*From an article on "Redemption and Dostoevsky" by Rebecca West, published in* THE NEW REPUBLIC, *July 10, 1915.*

"And yet, when one attempts to define 'a nation,' one finds the definition impossible. Language, race, geographical area, past history, manners and customs, origins, religions, ideals, all enter into its realization. But ultimately one is obliged to fall back upon the assertion that a nation exists where its component atoms believe it to be a nation; where they are willing to live for and to die for a mystical entity whose life includes the lives of all the individuals, but whose life transcends the lives of those individuals." *The Nation* (London), *June 26, 1915.*

TO Robert E. Lee the mystical entity was not the United States but Virginia; to many Canadians and Australians to-day the mystical entity is that quarter of the human race which is organized in the British Empire. Once there were about three hundred mystical entities on German territory, each with its local jokes and old songs sung out of tune. But the local jokes have of late embraced the railway to Bagdad, and the old songs were heard in Kiao-Chow. Men lived and died for that mystical entity known as the fortress of Tsing-Tao with its hinterland of coal mines. And yet I take it that this inflated national sentiment is in origin the same as the love of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, or the intense pride of the inhabitants of Kokomo, Indiana.

There is a famous piece of practical wisdom frequently offered to young men from small towns. "It is better," the saying goes, "to be it in Middleburg than nit in New York." It is also easier, not only because there are less people in Middleburg, but because, as Rebecca West says in the passage quoted at the head of this chapter, only in Middleburg is the rose of life planted where one would have it, shaped as far as could be by the will of one's own people, nourished by one's own blood.

Nationality is a word from the Latin. It denotes birth. But quite naturally it has come to mean something more than physical birth. It covers our first loyalty, our first impressions, our earliest associations. It is at bottom a cluster of primitive feelings, absorbed into a man and rooted within him long before conscious education begins. The house, the street, the meadow and hill upon which we first opened our eyes, the reactions to family and strangers which remain as types of our loves and hates, the earliest sounds which brought fear and pleasure—these are the stuff out of which nationality is made. They constitute the first background of the mind, its first culture and the most tenacious one. What comes after is a compromise with this infantile accumulation. It modifies, and is modified by it. But in the opening environment the directions of taste and prejudice are given, each person takes on his "national" character. His subtlest bents are determined, a pervasive flavor is given to his mind, he learns loves and hates that are never altogether forgotten. His childish prayers are always a little nearer to his heart than any other; the language of his nursery is the speech of his soul. It may be buried under much later experience, forgotten perhaps beyond easy recall. But it does not perish. It is the form of his most obscure impulse, the original quality of his mind.

In time of easy prosperity we are very little aware of it. We seem to live in the superficial layers of the mind. But when war breaks out, or threatening uncertainty, there is a swift retreat into our own origins. We become intensely aware of the earliest things with which we were associated; we love the security where we were born, we huddle to the people with whom we played as children, the gods grown cold in our skeptical maturity live again to comfort us, the ancient battles we thrilled over, the old pretensions that made us exalt become again the active substance of our minds. The past that is warm with our childish loyalty, the alleys and the rookeries where we first met the world are transfigured in memory. They are *us,* more poignant than recent attachments, deeper than all later theories. Whatever conflicts with them breaks down. We cannot imagine anything to be right or worthy which these dumb affections do not sanction.

What is called pride of race is the sense that our origins are worthy of respect. It is hard for a freed slave to be happy; it is hard for a bastard to avoid that furtiveness which dogs the soul. Man must be at peace with the sources of his life. If he is ashamed of them, if he is at war with them, they will haunt him forever. They will rob him of the basis of assurance, leave him an interloper in the world. When we speak of "thwarted" nationality like that of the Irish, the Jew, the Pole, the negroes, we mean something more intimate

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than the political subjection of these people. We mean a kind of homelessness upon the planet, a homelessness which houses of brick can obscure but never remedy. We mean that the origins upon which strength feeds and from which loyalty rises —the origins of these denationalized people have been hurt. They are the children of a broken household, and they are never altogether free. They are never quite sure of themselves. This uncertainty may take many forms. It may issue in futile dreams and high-sounding visions of a past that is irrevocable or of a future that is impossible. It may issue in that over-assurance which is so often the mask of shyness.

Since the war began the Germans in America have suffered acutely the pains of denationalization. Almost overnight a burst of hate was let loose upon the Fatherland. The place where they were born was denounced as barbarous. They were practically called upon to denounce Germany or to be denounced themselves. The country to which their earliest memories were attached had become a moral outlaw. Of course they couldn't believe it. It was the place of their childhood. It was the home of their parents and childish games; reason and evidence could make no impression upon what their hearts told them was fine. At the same time they had a newer attachment to America, the scene of their ambitions. A more cruel choice was never offered to any body of people. The result we know—an instinctive devotion to Germany and a theoretical devotion to America. The hyphen was a cut between their dumb but deepest affections and their conscious duties. Their spiritual life has been a terrible torment to them, and their effort to find a decent compromise between their childhood patriotism and their mature citizenship has been grotesque when it wasn't pathetic.

German-Americanism might be described as a retreat into an earlier piety. The strain of great events resulted in a sort of rush of blood from the head to the heart, from mature interests to childish memories. It wasn't a reasoned study of the causes of the war which produced the German propaganda. It was something far deeper and much less understood than that. The motives were not in the least simple. They were in part a defensive movement, an attempt to save the social standing of German things in America. They were in part a desire to enhance the German name here by associating it with a mighty Empire. I know one of the German-American "leaders" too well to have any serious doubts on this point. The discovery of the hyphen was the making of him. He was interviewed, talked about, cheered, hissed, and if he suffered at all he endured a noble public pain, a tragedy enacted on a dazzling stage.

The real hurt was not among the advertised figures against whom the editorials were written. It was among the voiceless men and women whose relatives were dying in Europe, whose standing in America was threatened. There were good Americans who increased the hurt; who stopped trading with German butchers, who discharged German servant girls, who turned around and scowled when they heard the German language spoken. They were cutting the bonds of loyalty—they were helping to hyphenate our population. By their lack of understanding, irritated no doubt by the vociferations of men like Mr. Viereck, these Americans were putting an unbearable cross upon those of German speech and habit. They were attacking the Germans in America for being what they could not help being, and with the cruelty of the incipient mob they were indicting a whole race. Inevitably large masses of German-Americans shrunk into themselves, became defensive, and tried to defend the name they bore. For the surest way to arouse nationalism is to attack it, and by nationalism I mean the loyalties of childhood, not the education of maturity. Turkish oppression exasperated Balkan nationalism to a fanatic pitch. Jew-baiting produced the ghetto and is compelling Zionism; the bad economic habits of the Jew, his exploiting of simple people, has caused his victims to assert their own nationalism.

The fierce power of national feeling is due to the fact that it rises from the deepest sources of our being. It is the primitive stuff of which we are made, our first loyalties, our first aggressions, the type and image of our souls. It is fixed in the nursery, and the spell of it is never lost.

This congeries of memories and emotions gives us standing and distinction in the world. If the nationality to which we belong is honored we feel honored; we swell up perceptibly at bearing a name that is great in the world. The American abroad is almost a specialist in this field. He feels lonely traveling through cities where men speak a language he doesn't understand and are preoccupied with affairs in which he takes no part. He feels lost and unimportant. And then perhaps he sees a sign—"American Bar" or "American Shoes"; he finds a place where "American Ice Cream Soda" is sold; he sees the American Consul's shield over a doorway; he hears "Dixie" at a cabaret and purrs. A friend of mine told me once that the deepest emotion he experienced while exploring in Thibet was the sight of an American sewing-machine. Under no other circumstances could he have been passionate about a sewing-machine. But in Thibet it was the nucleus of his love.

The American abroad will defend everything in America, will draw a picture of it that would make

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him roar with laughter at home. For he feels instinctively that his own importance is associated with the importance of America. "I've got a big brother at Harvard," says the small boy to his admiring companions. "I've got an uncle who has an automobile that can go sixty miles an hour," and the other small boys look upon him as one who can himself go sixty miles an hour. "Our export trade is three hundred million dollars a year," says the fifteen-dollar-a-week clerk, and he feels rich. The sisters, cousins, and aunts of a champion are looked upon as great athletes; who does not feel that Jess Willard's wife must be a leader among women? When the German talks about his Luther, Kant, and Goethe, he is perhaps not without a sneaking suspicion that he belongs to the same breed.

No wonder men speak of a "mystical entity whose life includes the lives of all the individuals, but whose life transcends the lives of those individuals." When most intense, nationality turns a group of people into one super-person. The group lives, the individual is lost in its greater glory. This union with the sources of one's birth is the most powerful factor in all politics. Its manifestations are innumerable. It may appear as a desire to see the American flag waving over Costa Rica, as a desperate defense of American cooking against the world, or as a readiness to sacrifice love, home, business and life itself for the "honor" of the nation. But whatever the form it takes, patriotism is the offensive and the defensive reaction to our first experience of the world. It is the desire to have, to hold, to increase, to fortify whatever can be identified with our earliest hates and loves.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

[From "The Stakes of Diplomacy," to be published by Henry Holt and Company in November.]

Seamen's Law on Safety at Sea

(Economics of American Shipping: III)

THE London Conference on Safety at Sea, called as a consequence of the wreck of the Titanic, revealed a vigorous conflict of opinion as to the extent of regulation necessary to make ocean travel reasonably safe. The majority of the Conference was willing to recommend elaborate regulation of the physical lifesaving equipment. It was unwilling to set standards of skill and experience for the crew without which, the minority claimed, the physical equipment was useless. The Seamen's Law in large part enacts the recommendations of the Conference as regards the number, size, construction and buoyancy of lifeboats and rafts. As to these provisions there is little complaint among shipowners. The law has also some remedial provisions, such as those regulating allotment and assignment of wages, making more stringent the laws against flogging, restricting the fellow-servant doctrine in its relation to seamen, raising somewhat the standards of food and sleeping and sanitary accommodations and the hours of labor, as to which again there is no general objection. It is the provisions designed to secure adequate manning of lifeboats that have aroused opposition almost as intense as that which has greeted the so-called "equalization provisions" discussed in a previous paper.

The Seamen's law was drawn on the theory that these provisions shall be applicable to all vessels regardless of nationality. One provision of the law, however, namely, that by which seventy-five per cent of the crew in each department must be able to understand any orders given by the officers of a vessel, does in fact work a substantial discrimination against American vessels, especially against those engaged in the trans-Pacific trade. These latter, already compelled by existing law to employ American officers, complain bitterly that under the new law they will be forced to employ substantially an American crew, while their Japanese competitors can continue to employ Japanese officers and crew at much lower wages. The reason for this language test is generally sought in a decision of the Circuit Court of Appeals in 1903, in which a vessel was held to be insufficiently manned because the Chinese crew could not understand the orders necessary to the operation of lowering the lifeboats. That there were interpreters on board was held to be insufficient. It is argued that a law which merely formulates more concretely a duty already placed on all vessels by the general admiralty law cannot be considered a burden on American shipping. It has been generally assumed by shipowners that the Seamen's law goes beyond the standard called for by the court when it says that the members of the crew must be able to understand "any orders" of the officers. In an opinion by the solicitor of the Department of Commerce, however, these words have been interpreted to mean only necessary orders given by the officers immediately in charge of the department.

It is this prescribed language test which is said to have forced the Pacific Mail Steamship Company to discontinue its trans-Pacific service, and to sell five of its American ships to the Atlantic Transport Company. Speculation as to motives is per-

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haps unprofitable. Both Secretary Redfield and Senator LaFollette have made the claim that the Panama Canal act, under whose terms vessels must be freed from railroad control, was the compelling reason for the sale, the Pacific Mail being a subsidiary of the Southern Pacific. Whatever may have been the immediate cause of the sale the fact remains that under the most favorable interpretation the language test must bear with greater severity on American vessels than on those of Japan. In conjunction with existing law, it is a reversion to the old policy of regulation by way of the flag, shown by the history of our merchant marine to be disastrous. The remedy would seem to be to repeal, in its application to foreign trade, not the Seamen's Law but the one survival of the outworn protective system, the requirement that officers on American vessels be American citizens. This would place American and foreign vessels on a complete equality before the law.

Another provision of the law, also applicable to foreign as well as to American vessels, calls for the employment of a stated proportion of able seamen in the deck crew, a percentage rising in five years from forty to sixty-five. An able seaman is one who has obtained a certificate from the Department of Commerce officials showing that he has had three years' experience and is of good health, eyesight and hearing. A man with a year's experience may be granted a certificate if he shows that he is capable, but only one-fourth of the required number of able seamen can be men of this latter class. In the opinion of officials having to do with the enforcement of the law, this legal requirement marks no very radical departure from existing practice. It should be noted that the size of the crew is not prescribed.

More important, though they have been less discussed, are the sections of the law which relate directly to the manning of lifeboats on passenger vessels. The number of lifeboats being determined by the number of persons on board, it is provided that each boat, and each raft designed to carry more than fifteen persons, must be placed in charge of a licensed officer or able seaman. In addition, each boat or raft must be supplied with a number of men varying with its capacity, who have certificates stating that they are skilled in handling boats and can understand the necessary orders. Thus a boat carrying sixty persons must have three " certificated lifeboat men." These provisions represent a compromise between opposing views. It was claimed on the one hand that a sailor with three years' experience might never have handled a boat in his life, whereas a steward or engineer might be a skilled boatsman. On the other hand a man with a certificate showing that he could handle a boat in smooth water under test conditions might prove useless in rough weather, where familiarity with the sea and its ways count for as much as skill with an oar. The test of a law must lie in its administration, but it is difficult to see that provisions less drastic than those finally agreed upon in the LaFollette bill could assure the measure of safety which passengers and crew have a right to expect.

Although this section of the law provides that " foreign vessels leaving ports of the United States shall comply with the rules herein prescribed," a recent opinion of the Attorney-General has held that by virtue of a previous unrepealed law the ships of certain nations whose navigation laws " approximate our own " need not comply with its terms, and are exempt from inspection by American officials if those nations give reciprocal privileges to American vessels. Before the passage of the Seamen's law the laws of all foreign nations with which such reciprocal treaties are in force were held to " approximate " those of the United States. Although the provisions of the Seamen's law relating to the manning of lifeboats contain requirements which no foreign nations have yet adopted, the Steamboat Inspection Service has taken the view that even after the passage of the law the navigation laws of these foreign countries still approximate those of the United States. As a result, and contrary to the intention of those who framed the law, this section cannot be enforced against most of the foreign maritime nations. It has become, by an error either of drafting or of construction, a clear discrimination against American shipping. An amendment by Congress making the section applicable definitely to all foreign shipping is urgently needed. It should be noted, however, that neither the language test, nor the requirement of a stated percentage of able seamen, nor the provisions relating to desertion are affected by this decision. There has never been any doubt that they are enforceable against foreign as well as against American ships.

It is also held by the legal advisers of the Department of Commerce that the provisions of the Seamen's law are suspended for a period of two years in their application to those American vessels which have been admitted to American registry under the free ship legislation of the last Congress.

Some larger aspects of the law remain to be considered. By raising the standards of seamanship, and by mobilizing seafaring labor, the law will undoubtedly make it more easy to unionize seamen. The fear, very frequently expressed, that it will allow the union to dominate the situation to an extent prejudicial to the public does not seem to be justified by the experience of Australia, where the seamen's union is exceptionally strong, nor indeed by our own experience, let us say, with the locomo-

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tive engineers, men engaged in an employment as vital to the public as ocean traffic, as much restricted as seamen by legal standards of competence and experience, and withal thoroughly unionized. Even the provision of the Seamen's law giving every reputable citizen the power to compel the collector of customs to call a muster of the crew of a vessel on sworn information that she is not complying with the law, does not carry with it the danger of abuse on the part of union officials which has been feared, since a heavy fine and imprisonment are imposed on any citizen making a false oath under this section. The consequence of unionization, however, as well as of the direct provisions of the law, will be to place an added expense on all shipping touching American ports, and this, it is claimed, will necessitate higher freight and passenger rates. Whether in view of existing costs and profits such an increase would be justified cannot be accurately ascertained in the absence of a public body with powers over shipping similar to those exercised by the Interstate Commerce Commission over railroads. If rates must be further raised, undoubtedly the increase will affect adversely American foreign trade, as compared with the competing trade of other nations. The situation is precisely that which confronts every state which by passing labor laws makes manufacture within its boundaries more expensive, and thus places itself at a competitive disadvantage with its neighbors. In the shipping business it is only another of the disadvantages arising out of national regulation of what is in its nature international. Yet in default of international co-operation, national action remains the only recourse.

GERARD HENDERSON.

What Has Happened to Summer

THERE is an odd dependence on the calendar displayed by people and by growing things too. September comes after a cold, wet season, and with September the heat of mid-July. Yet the straw hats go on the shelf, the summer resorts empty, the new plays go on, "fall trade" starts up, schools open, and everybody swelters patiently because summer is over, even though summer is here. And nature is no shrewder—or no less shrewd—since for no better reason the leaves begin to fall and the birds to migrate. They know what the season is, and we confirm them after consulting the printed calendar.

But with human-kind, odd economic factors enter into the calculation. My own purse is not so much the determinant of my movements as the purse of my neighborhood. I move when the schools open, and the schools open according to a fixed system. If my neighborhood of town and county is somewhat poor, the taxes can carry the schools for only seven or eight months; summer begins early and ends late. If I live in a rich and ambitious community the public school sessions run to ten months. But if my children go to a private school in a prosperous neighborhood, my neighbors and I tacitly agree that our school is so excellent we can afford to cut its year short. Moreover, we want a long season in the country. So we hold over with the oak instead of yielding early with the poplar. We stay at the shore until long after the first

"Lines of white on a sullen sea."

Yet the confirmed summer-resorter is on the verge of becoming an anachronism. There is a significant change in the use of the margin by the college boy. Twenty years ago or thereabouts we moved annually from our pleasant rural or suburban college to a still more pleasant and rural vacation point. Here we did nothing. We breakfasted late and slowly to shorten the dull stretch till bathing time—that long morning ninety minutes when the sun blazed in on the eastern porch before the morning breeze sprang up. Bathing took from ten till lunch. After that another dull hour. Then the social amenities of the afternoon, with very short walks and very long sittings on beach or rock-cliffs or in the woods. Supper and a regathering of the clans for tinkling talk and "Tarara-boom-de-ay," and "The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring," and "Over the Banisters" and, toward the end, Tosti's "Good-by, Summer." And then another day—more of the same; utterly colorless days except for one vital experience—the first tarnishing of the spirit of romantic love.

That sort of program still has its vogue, but it is with the minority. In "the nineties" the college boy who did not follow such a schedule at a summer resort usually lived an even less inspiring life at home. And the boy who actually did anything useful, and accepted money for his labor, was stigmatized as a man of low estate. Nowadays the majority of winter students do something in the long vacation. All the summer institutions for grown-ups, and all the summer camps for small boys have created jobs for intelligent youth. Thousands go into offices, thousands more into engineering and farming gangs. They run touring-cars and soda fountains, moving picture shows and scenic railways. They travel 'tween decks tending cattle, or first cabin tutoring calves. They even play "summer ball" under their own names, or as a *reductio ad absurdum* make up back work, or get ahead of their classmates in summer school. Lolling about beaches, woods, hotels and country clubs is limited

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to the fortunate few who, with their double assets of time and money, waste both—and themselves to boot—in an effort to hold down the general rising average of youthful sobriety and good sense.

In like fashion readjustments have been made by most of the adult thinking public. The old theory that in summer the population should relax, is on the decline. It is still true that churches go on first speed; Sunday schools and day schools close; courts and legislatures adjourn; orchestras disperse and art galleries and libraries echo to infrequent footsteps; even the theatres suspend, except for "summer shows." Yet there is a wave of the old assumption that from Bunker Hill Day to Labor Day is a torrid stretch when men and women can go through the forms of indispensable work, but when no one can really think. For this assumption is so fallacious that without argument or self-conscious effort our generation has quietly overridden it even while seeming to grant it. Now there are scores of summer schools; the orchestras reassemble at Ravinia and Willow Grove; Ben Greet and the Coburns go about among the colleges and "Chautauquas"; and the "Chautauquas" themselves stimulate more thinking, for better or for worse, than the newspapers and libraries combined. Sunday schools still adjourn, courts still defer to the majority of the land by suspending justice in hot weather—it is too torrid in July and August to carry the scales and go blindfold; and only an occasional stern executive compels a heavy-hearted legislature to remain in session. But for the really intellectual activities the public, which has robbed itself with its right hand, has repaid itself with the left; and if indeed these summer substitutes appear at times a bit left-handed, they yet are proofs that the law of compensation still operates.

In point of the "Chautauquas," it is the bromide of the moment to deride them, if possible in epigram. The gifted Commoner has dragged them down to contempt. The use of the rostrum as a safety valve is inglorious. (Though even in this light America may give thanks that when the confinement of the Cabinet became too irksome he could fill his lungs outside and blow off harmlessly in the tent.) Yet it is a fact that for the most part he and the other lecturers can do no harm, and that they do achieve much good. The "Chautauquas"—not to differentiate between the original institution and all the others down to the six-day-stands—are vocalized magazines, ranging from *McClure's* and the *American* to the *Century* and *Harper's*, hardly more eclectic in their highest development. Perhaps newspapers would symbolize them better, from the *Times* down to we'll not say what.

And these journals are patronized by large bodies of auditors who come to them with some working capital of fact and with definite sinking-funds of prejudice, if not of opinion. They do not listen to everything, nor do they accept all that they hear. They believe about one-fourth because they have already believed it, they reject a fourth because they are constitutionally opposed to it, and they mark, learn and inwardly digest the remainder, disposing of it—not to push the figure too far—according to the intricate laws of assimilation and rejection. No doubt on "Chautauqua" platforms many things are said in the name of truth which are false, and many programs are perpetrated in the name of music, art and literature which are vulgarly trashy. The same sort of indictment may be brought against the magazine and newspaper press, which it is not the fashion of the day to deride in wholesale platitudes.

Yet the service done to the public by the "Chautauquas" is very clear. Multitudes will listen who will not read. To these audiences certain information is brought—information about history, economics, biography, literature. Again, in a service akin to that of the pulpit, certain wholesome sentiments are iterated—sentiments of the sort that deserve iteration till the end of time: "Let us then be up and doing," "Be good, my child, and let who will be" something which is not so conventional. And finally there is a great amount of clarifying discussion as to what "being good" consists of in a social world.

So Tosti's old Italic-English concept of summer is being dispelled. The summer use of public school grounds and buildings is all of the same piece, though various influences combine to the same end. The efficiency idea protests at the economic wastefulness of erecting a plant to be used only two hundred half days a year. The social center idea says, "Here is the empty public building ready for an evident public use." Yet apart from these demands, every large community has begun to demur at the assumption that children are intellectually exhausted by eight or nine months of school, and to demur at the habit of leaving the children in the lurch because their teachers need a rest. Hence the community is beginning to hold school not only all day and all evening but all year, and to work the school yard as hard in summer as it does the school house in winter. Hence spring into current use the slogans "Education through play," and "Recreation, a change of activity," and summer stagnation is once more disturbed—disturbed so often and so vigorously that it is becoming a Pool of Bethesda, instead of a miasmatic culture medium for breeding the germs of inertia and lethargy.

PERCY H. BOYNTON.

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The Fortress of Belief

A CORRESPONDENT of THE NEW REPUBLIC believes that only believers should be permitted to discuss belief. She touches here one of the sorest spots on our intellectual skin. For it is not our fault in this modern world that we find little to write about except those beliefs in which we no longer believe and in which we want others to be left no longer to believe. If we are to be no longer allowed to write as unbelievers against beliefs, then indeed are all beliefs to be left impregnable, while we sit outside the gates encamped in a permanent siege.

The believers need not be so timid. It is difficult enough, even with the fullest license, to assail the gates. One wonders sometimes how new ideas ever do spread. The writer finds that he works only for a little clientele that already understand him. The preacher preaches only to the congregation that knows his doctrines by heart. The philosopher speaks to philosophers. The message comes only to the initiated. Or if it goes to the uninitiated it only suffers strange distortions in their maladroit hands. They mould it to their own already formed tastes. Appreciations have a double edge. If you think of yourself as a preacher of stern new truths, it is disconcerting to be told by a lady that your papers please her even better than those of her old favorite, Arthur Christopher Benson. You become disillusioned with the slow inexorable working-over of other people's minds which you think your words ought to be affecting.

It seems a miracle that ideas ever do get diffused. It can only be because, however neatly you fill to the brim the cup of the initiated mind, there must always be some splashings over the brim. There are degrees of understanding, and upon the nearly initiated will some drops of your wisdom occasionally fall. You must make prodigious efforts and shout your loudest, until all your friends are weary of your reiteration, but occasionally the deaf will hear. And it is upon the margin of the deaf hearing that there hangs any reason and justice of your speaking at all.

New ideas do not merely fill a vacuum. They must drive out beliefs that are on the run. You really convince only when something in your words gives the last blow. In sincere and open minds, attitudes are constantly changing; you have a chance to cast the spark that will kindle a new belief. But the number of sincere and open minds is extremely limited. It is good that this circumstance is not necessarily fatal; we should not have got far if every person had to be convinced by reason. Most of us get our ideas largely by prestige, from the glamor of those who have them already. One of the great puzzles of the world is what inner state corresponds to the opinions and beliefs which the people around us so continually utter. How are the ideas assimilated? How much more than words are they? We know that those who "believe" comprise every gradation, from mere mechanical repetition of phrases to warm and luminous understanding.

It is because believers are not homogeneous that the unbeliever has the right to attack. His unbelief —which is, of course, a new belief—rolls along in somewhat this fashion: Invented or adapted, the new idea hits first the little circle of initiates for whom it expresses what they already knew; expressed with increasing vehemence back and forth among them, its noise is heard by a wider circle of the reasonable and sympathetic; from them it goes in reflected prestige to the well-wishing but less intelligent, until it becomes for great masses a mere verbal shibboleth, a gesture for a scarcely assailable prejudice. To show up these gradations and single out the vitally believing from the mechanically believing, to criticise harshly yet with a sense that there is somewhere a true emotional core to the belief—this is the task for the unbeliever. It is certainly one that the true believer can never perform, for sheer loyalty to his belief compels him to think that all who profess it are at the emotional core with him. He resents any imputation that all are not one happy family. It is for the protection of the remnant that the believer objects to the unbeliever's discussing belief.

Attacked directly, the believer lives in an impregnable fortress. The besieger may capture and desolate all the outlying intellectual territory, but he can never starve out the believer. Belief of the old style has to-day gone completely out of intellectual fashion. But in spite of the sceptical atmosphere in which we live, we still find people around us with some private belief. Intelligent and serene, they somehow live with the belief in the midst of ideas which would shatter it in a moment if they could only find entrance. I have a Christian Science friend who assures me that she has been converted solely by the inescapable evidence of the healing wonders she has seen. She then tells me that the first blessed lesson of her new faith is a complete distrust of material senses, and an unquestioning trust in the new spiritual insight which has been granted her. When I point out that her faith is based on evidence which that faith itself

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causes her wholly to mistrust, she says I am very clever, and remains serene. I have laid waste her contiguous logical territory, but she jeers at me from the walls of her fortress of belief. Mr. Clive Bell, in his book on "Art," tells us of the "aesthetic emotion" coming from the recognition of "significant form." When he comes to define "significant form" he can tell us little about it except that it is that which arouses "aesthetic emotion." He does not seem dissatisfied with his premises, and upon them builds an extremely interesting book.

The logician would dismiss Mr. Bell as an unusually virulent example of the vicious circle. My Christian Science friend, with her logical suicide, would have to be consigned to limbo. But such people are interesting. They seem intelligent, and they are certainly suggestive. They pique you because, though their defenses are so flimsy, your attacks dissolve into air. You come to see that it is just because they live in vicious and even self-murderous circles that they are impregnable. They are inside and we are outside. We skirt about their walls with logical weapons, looking for an opening. But since it is a circle we do not find any. The more we circle the fortress the more impressed we are with its unbroken circularity. But the person inside feels it differently. He is no more conscious of his living within an intellectual circle than we are of living on a spherical earth. He may accept the fact intellectually, as we accept the sphericity of the earth, but he does not assimiliate it. For all practical purposes he is living in a free territory of truth, just as for all practical purposes we are living on a flat earth. How he got within his circle is the question. He could not, as he so often pathetically assumes, have penetrated the closed circle from without. It could only have been by taking wings unto himself and alighting in the center. The true believer can be brought to admit these aerial flights. To talk to him we should have to make one too. It is the true believer upon whom argument makes no impression. Just in the proportion that he listens to reason he is no true believer.

There is still a place in the world for these believers. Their spiritual flights have a charm and neatness. There is a piquancy in the intellectual foundations they build so superfluously under them. In times of stress their firm assurance touches off a slight wistfulness in the seeking mind. The stern rationalist cannot do anything to these esoteric beliefs about religion, art, morals, in the intelligent and charming fanatics that we all know. No dent can reason make in beliefs which articulate a taste, or a wild hope, or some obscure sense of power within the still untamed human breast. But there is still a place for these believers. They are like lights seen afar on a rocky coast. The gleam comes not from lighthouses, and if we took them for such we should surely be destroyed. Neither is it our country whose streets and houses they mark. But we know that they are the lights of some home of the spirit, or mark the path in some land. They have a friendly gleam. We pass them and leave them in peace.

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

Ragtime

IT has been nearly twenty years, and American ragtime is still officially beyond the pale. As the one original and indigenous type of music of the American people, as the one type of American popular music that has persisted and undergone constant evolution, one would think it might receive the clammy hand of fellowship from composers and critics. There is very little evidence that these gentlemen have changed their feeling about it in the last ten years. Then they asserted that it was "fortunately on the wane"; now they sigh that it will be always with us. That is the only difference.

I can't feel satisfied with this. I can't help feeling that a person who doesn't open his heart to ragtime somehow isn't human. Nine out of ten musicians, if caught unawares, will like this music until they remember that they shouldn't. What does this mean? Does it mean that ragtime is "all very well in its place?" Rather that these musicians don't consider that place *theirs*. But that place, remember, is in the affections of some 10,000,000 or more Americans. Conservative estimates show that there are at least 50,000,000 copies of popular music sold in this country yearly, and a goodly portion of it is in ragtime.

And these musicians prefer to regard themselves as beings apart. This is a pretty serious accusation for the musician to level against himself. I don't mean that wherever 10,000,000 Americans agree on a thing they are necessarily right. Their sentimental ballads are the mere dregs of Schubert and Franz Abt. But ragtime is a type of music substantially new in musical history. It has persisted, grown, evolved in many directions, without official recognition or aid. You may take it as certain that if many millions of people persist in liking something that has not been recognized by the schools, there is vitality in that thing. The attitude toward folk-music at the beginning of the nineteenth century was very similar. A Russian folk-song was no less scorned in the court of Catherine the Great than a ragtime song in our music studios to-day. Yet Russian folk-song became the basis of some of the most vigorous art-music of the past century,

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and no musician speaks of it to-day except in terms of respect. The taste of the populace is often enough toward the shoddy and outworn. But when the populace creates its own art without official encouragement, then let the artists listen. I haven't a notion whether ragtime is going to form the basis of an "American school of composition." But I am sure that many a native composer could save his soul if he would open his ears to this folk-music of the American city.

But the schools have their reply. "Ragtime is not new," they say. "It is merely syncopation, which was used by Haydn and Mozart, Beethoven and Brahms, and is good, like any other musical material, when it is used well." But they are wrong. Ragtime is not "merely syncopation." It is a certain sort of syncopation—namely, a persistent syncopation in one part conflicting with exact rhythm in another. But of course this definition is not enough. Ragtime has its flavor that no definition can imprison. No one would take the syncopation of a Haydn symphony to be American ragtime. "Certainly not," replies the indignant musician. Nor the syncopation of any recognized composer. But if this is so, then ragtime *is* new. You can't tell an American composer's "art-song" from any mediocre art-song the world over. (Permit me to pass over the few notable exceptions.) You can distinguish American ragtime from the popular music of any nation and any age.

In the first instance the love of ragtime is a purely human matter. You simply can't resist it. I remember hearing a negro quartet singing "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee," in a café, and I felt my blood thumping in tune, my muscles twitching to the rhythm. I wanted to paraphrase Shakespeare—

> "The man who hath no ragtime in his soul,
> Who is not moved by syncopated sounds" . . .

and so on. If any musician does not feel in his heart the rhythmic complexities of "The Robert E. Lee" I should not trust him to feel in his heart the rhythmic complexities of Brahms. This ragtime appeals to the primitive love of the dance—a special sort of dance in which the rhythm of the arms and shoulders conflicts with the rhythm of the feet, in which dozens of little needles of energy are deftly controlled in the weaving of the whole. And if musicians refuse to recognize it, as they once refused to recognize Russian folk-music, they criticize not ragtime, but themselves.

But ragtime is also "good" in the more austere sense of the professional critic. I cannot understand how a trained musician can overlook its purely technical elements of interest. It has carried the complexities of the rhythmic subdivision of the measure to a point never before reached in the history of music. It has established subtle conflicting rhythms to a degree never before attempted in any popular or folk-music, and rarely enough in art-music. It has shown a definite and natural evolution—always a proof of vitality in a musical idea. It has gone far beyond most other popular music in the freedom of inner voices (yes, I mean polyphony) and of harmonic modulation. And it has proved its adaptability to the expression of many distinct moods. Only the trained musician can appreciate the significance of a style which can be turned to many distinct uses. There is the "sentimental manner," and the "emotional manner" and so on; but the style includes all the manners, and there have not been so many styles in musical history that they couldn't be counted on a few people's fingers.

It may be that I am deceived as to the extent of ragtime's adaptability. But I think of the rollicking fun of "The International Rag," the playful delicacy of "Everybody's Doing It," the bustling laziness of "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee," the sensual poignancy of "La Seduction" tango, and the tender pathos of "The Memphis Blues." Each of these pieces has its peculiar style—in the narrower sense—deftly carried out. And I know that we are dealing here with a set of musical materials which have no more than commenced their job of expressing a generation.

We must admit that current ragtime is deficient on the melodic side. Some of the tunes are strong, but many of the best ragtime pieces have little beyond their rhythmic energy and ingenuity to distinguish them. If we had a folk-song tradition in America our popular melodies, doubtless, would not be so permeated with vulgarity. The words, also, too often have the chief vice of vulgarity—sluggish conventionality—without its chief virtue, the generous warmth of everydayness. And this latter quality, when it exists, resides not so much in the words themselves, as in the flavor of the songs, the uninspired but tireless high spirits of the American people.

But ragtime words have at least one artist quality of the highest rank. They fit the music like a glove. These songs appeal to the people who expect to sing them, a people who have no oratorio or grand opera tradition behind them, and who come quite naturally to the ideal of wedded music and verse which Wagner had to struggle for against his whole generation. I shouldn't be surprised, in fact, if the origin of the "rag" is to be found in the jerky quality of the English—or shall we say American—language, which found in the negroes its first naïve singers. One of the negro "spirituals" runs thus:

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"An' he gave them commishun to fly,
Brudder Lass'rus!
An' he gave them commishun to fly."

The tune, as always in negro songs, follows the exact accent of the spoken words. But just imagine what Messrs. Moody and Sankey would have done to them!

As you walk up and down the streets of an American city you feel in its jerk and rattle a personality different from that of any European capital. This is American. It is in our lives, and it helps to form our characters and condition our mode of action. It should have expression in art, simply because any people must express itself if it is to know itself. No European music can or possibly could express this American personality. Ragtime I believe does express it. It is to-day the one true American music.

HIRAM K. MODERWELL.

CORRESPONDENCE

The German Indemnities

SIR: In your issue of Sept. 18 there is a paragraph among the editorials containing the sentence, "Not even the most savage critic of Germany charges her with intent upon the wealth of the Belgians." I am by no means the most savage critic of Germany, but that statement is nonsense. A number of Belgian cities have been forced to pay large sums of money to the Germans who are now occupying them, and of course the German armies have taken all the supplies that they could from Belgium. But much more important than that, the wealth of a nation really consists in its ability to tax the people of the nation. Germany has taken that power from the Belgian government and used it herself. I therefore find it entirely impossible to agree with the sentiments contained in the paragraph to which I have referred.

GEORGE EMLEN ROOSEVELT.

[Our critic misinterprets our argument. We are quite aware of the German policy of levying indemnities and of employing whatever means are available for making conquered territory pay as large a share as possible of the conqueror's military charges. And we admit that in case of a successful invasion of the United States, we should probably be compelled to pay indemnities. What we asserted is that the prospect of indemnities or other plunder had no part in bringing on the invasion of Belgium. If Belgium had been sparsely inhabited by a semi-barbarous people, its natural resources untouched, awaiting the foreign exploiter, the German invasion would have required no labored explanation in terms of recent alliances and the like. It would have been defended on the ground of the right of the more civilized nation to the resources of the world.]

The Morality of Force

SIR: With your permission I return to the topic of my former letter to call attention to the way in which Mrs. Whicher has gone Mr. Angell many points better in the advocacy of dubious doctrines. In defining three types of morality the contrast does not turn on whether the present group of belligerents live up to the warrior's standard or not, but on whether a recognized standard of morality has been established which warriors admit they do wrong in violating. The point is not whether or no "justice, humanity and honor should be temporized with," but what constitutes justice, humanity and honor. If I accept the duelist code my honor demands that I fight anyone who questions my conduct. But if I do not accept this code, then I am honorable only when I refuse to fight. I do not wish to temporize with my standard of honor, but from my standard bluffing is dishonorable. I object when my nation bluffs, not because I am afraid of the Germans but because the test of action that bluffing imposes belongs to a code I reject as submoral. I would not act in that way to a friend, a pupil or a neighbor, and I regret to see my nation uphold a standard that I as an individual no longer act on. Why should not nations live up to the standards by which their best citizens determine their conduct?

The way of peace and the way of force are distinct, as are the moralities they impose. Justice may mean that the strong should protect the weak, or that the weak should support the strong. Honor may mean that I carry a chip on my shoulder and challenge everyone to knock it off, or it may impose on me the duty of yielding to inconsiderate individuals until they become more reasonable. In each field there is a higher and a lower level which we accept or reject to the degree that we permit modern data to determine our conduct. The trouble in our international relations is that all international law is on the older lower level, and its issues are settled by bluff and force. In practically every other field the presuppositions on which international law rests have been discarded. It is the oldest part of social science, and has not undergone the reconstruction to which other parts have been subjected. Some day higher and more enlightened principles will displace it.

That Mrs. Whicher and Mr. Angell have not thought these things out, or even become conscious of the principles involved, is shown by the measure proposed—that of international boycotts of nations who do not accept traditional decision. They would not kill anyone. Oh, no, they are too mild for that. But what would happen? If the boycott did not involve economic loss it would not be effective. A self-sufficient nation could snap its fingers at an international boycott. But if it is injurious, it is equally injurious to both parties.

Mrs. Whicher and Mr. Angell may innocently imagine that a boycott of German goods would hurt Germany, but aid, or at least not injure, America. But all the economic facts show the contrary. Every economic loss is mutual. Less trade, or less profitable trade, reduces population and kills off children, if not adults. It then comes down to this—that the killing of a score of individuals on the Lusitania seems to Mrs. Whicher the "killing of our best citizens," but the killing of a thousand babies on the next street is of no concern unless the event is headlined in the papers. Babies, it would seem, are not "best citizens." Just a bit more thinking on her part and Mr. Angell's as well would show them that the war they propose is not only lower in moral tone, but is also more destructive of life than the sort now being waged. We would not only have a slump in morality, but a slump in national prosperity.

Philadelphia. S. N. PATTEN.

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A Chinese Moral

SIR: As a student of American conditions and institutions I have been interested, impressed and bewildered by the discussions in the press anent the European war. I have tried to reconcile the conditions in my own country with the arguments of the pacifists in this country; I have tried to see the consistency of condemning Germany for doing what the Allies are trying but fail to do; I have tried to see the difference between the violation of Belgian neutrality and of Chinese neutrality, between domination of the sea and domination of the land, between militarism and navyism, and have about come to the conclusion that nothing is either right or wrong because it does or does not violate a principle, but because Germany does or does not do it. I am told that Germany is fighting a selfish war of nationalism, that the Allies are fighting for internationalism and world peace. If this argument is sincere, would it not be more convincing if the Allies proclaimed a positive program to the world, if, for example, they announced their intention, if successful, to free China from the aggressions of Japan, to give independence to Persia, Korea, Egypt, India and Poland? In a word, what light has been shed in all the discussions provoked by the war upon the real problems of world peace? That peace will never come until a sense of international justice and, above all, a sense of international sincerity are more universal than they appear to be at present. Neither public sentiment nor a promise of any of the belligerents has thus far convinced the "benighted" Oriental that national independence can come from any other source than the state itself or that there is any other means than national preparedness to secure that end. Compulsory, and, so far as possible, universal, military training is the lesson China should draw from the European conflict.

H. GAH TSEN,
(Chinese Student in Oberlin College).

Oberlin, Ohio.

The Cause of the Spinster

SIR: "The Chances of Being Married," in THE NEW REPUBLIC of September 25th, is uncommonly interesting as a collection of breezy opinions, expressed with fussy charm. Obviously enough the present organization of society does decrease many a woman's chances of being married; the "dowager machine" or something similar to it is a fact; but the chief cause of spinsterhood is not a machine or the inflexible conventionality of society, but the psychic unmarriageability of "economically independent" women whose noisy cleverness and excessive refinement no he-man with brains can endure.

Such women are afflicted with protective or repellant personalities. Men who might be eligible, because "interesting," have neither the inclination nor the wit to attack them. No man on her plane will woo a woman of this description; neither is he likely to permit her successfully to woo him. He cannot be bothered with her club and art enthusiasms, intellectual accomplishments and futile rebellions against society, however interesting these things may be to the worshipful elite, unless he be of the same temperament and mind; in which case, if mated, they would probably soon grow tired of each other, and almost certainly ashamed of their children, if they had any.

The overwhelming majority of men—the steady, unpoetic, breadwinning workers who are best qualified physiologically to mate—are incapable of appreciating independent, highly accomplished women. Instinctively they keep such women outside the range of their matrimonial possibilities. They want wives, homes, and children—and eventually a great deal of freedom from all these episodic values in a man's life. Men like to get together, apart from their wives, and recover the joy and content of being frankly what they are: healthy, good-natured, simple male animals—with reasoning faculties. Their secret, personal attitude toward women possesses many twelfth-century characteristics. That is why they merely smile and look on while the female social ferment "works" and expands.

When marriage becomes predominantly an affair of the head, I should doubt whether any man or woman with a head would tackle it, excepting perhaps in the interest of candid experimentation. Men and women who are separated by several generations from the soil or muscular work in many cases blossom so elaborately and even beautifully that they are spent in the act, leaving no seed. A great artist, man or woman, requires no posterity and rarely achieves it.

Nature seems to look after matings; marriage is a man-made institution to which she is indifferent. It is time that a large number of both men and women, representing the blossoms instead of the roots of family trees, should face the fact that, since mating has not been unavoidable in their cases, they are for decorative service only.

"Did women ever bloom so richly?" the anonymous author of the article asks. That's the trouble; too many of them are blooming and not breeding, although they are discussing it—a phenomenon which has never occurred among the mothers and fathers of the race.

DEWITT C. WING.

Chicago.

The Psychology of Peace

SIR: In THE NEW REPUBLIC for September 11th, Dr. Jack's "The Peacefulness of Being at War" is interesting from the standpoint of personal confession rather more than anything else. Doubtless his experience is that of all the thousands who formerly chafed under the insidious rule of wealth, whether it be measured in pounds or in land. The effect of the war has been to place the man of wealth and of influence upon the plane of the average; and the average feels thus encouraged in his undertaking, and with encouragement comes contentment. This condition would not have existed in England or in any other nation were favoritism shown to such a degree as would make the average feel that he was bearing the brunt of the conflict, or that his progeny alone would feel the incubus of taxation in the many fearful years to come. The psychology of England before the war is the psychology of any nation at peace that is blessed or cursed with a democratic government; it is the condition of America today; and an analogy of events throughout history discloses a similar psychology—such a mental condition as prepares the way for the feverish enthusiasm of the Crusades, and, in the United States, such a condition as allows our minds to become disturbed by comparatively small questions such as prohibition, eugenics and woman's suffrage. The world moves swiftly, the human mind remains mortal, and experience remains its chief instructor; the basic passions of love, hate, revenge, compassion and selfishness remain the same throughout the centuries. When ambition finds no target except duty, then comes peacefulness.

W. D. SWEARINGEN.

Parkersburg, W. Va.

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After the Play

IN the New York *Times,* a few years ago, there was an editorial which affirmed that things as remarkable as something or other happened only once or twice in a very long while. Ever since I read it the affirmation has been for me a model of caution. I imagine the editorial writer as having first permitted himself to say "once in a very long while," as reading his copy and wondering whether he hadn't really gone too far this time, as deciding at last to soften his statement by adding the words "or twice." On leaving the Bandbox Theatre the other night, after seeing the Washington Square Players begin their second season, I thought of imitating the caution of the *Times,* by saying of "Helena's Husband," an historical comedy by Philip Moeller, that only once or twice in a very long while did one see such an amusing one-act play. Later I grew bolder, and decided to say that a one-act play as amusing as "Helena's Husband" was visible only once in a very long while. Now, at the moment of writing, I have made up my mind to be even less cautious and more truthful. So here goes: Mr. Philip Moeller's "Helena's Husband" is one of the most amusing one-act plays I have ever seen.

Mr. Moeller had three good ideas to start with: Helen bored her husband, Menelaus, so acutely that he was eager to be rid of her; when Paris, whom he took for an unknown shepherd from equally unknown hills, put in an appearance, Menelaus was delighted to connive at the elopement of Paris and Helen; when Menelaus discovered that Paris was Paris of Troy, that the elopement had an international significance, and that the inevitable was war, Menelaus was in despair. In working these inventions out into a play Mr. Moeller has enlivened them, has made their development a series of surprises, by introducing equally happy subsidiary inventions. Such anachronistic touches as clever undergraduates love are here combined with striking pictorial-theatrical effects. The contrasted colors of the persons, the blanched Analytikos, the fair Helen, the dark Paris, the darker slave-girl, are good to see. From these contrasts, from the scene and from the stage management one's eye gets a sort of fun that is a satisfying complement of the fun one's ear gets out of Mr. Moeller's words. Strange, is it not, that the Washington Square Players, who give us this play, should be willing to give us, and in the same evening, such a violently tedious and old-fashioned affair as Robert Bracco's "Night of Snow"?

One can imagine playwrights watching Mr. Sothern in "The Two Virtues," by Alfred Sutro, at the Booth Theatre, and accusing their experience of lying to them. Experience has told them that if they try to give distinction and charm to a man's part, and have the luck to succeed, this part will be so acted as to be indistinguishable from one of the Winter Garden's men about town. (Phrase stolen from "The Show Shop," by Mr. James Forbes.) Experience has told them that their witty and scholarly man will come out heavily pedantic and heavily sentimental, that the book he is writing will sound as unreadable and unwriteable as the Reverend Edward Casaubon's "Key to All Mythologies." Yes, experience has lied. Mr. Sothern's acting is a direct invitation to playwrights to let their heroes be charming and distinguished and witty, an assurance that whatever height their intentions may reach, his achievement will be higher. Mr. Sothern is a felicitous demonstrator of the difference between good acting and the best acting we have. He gives one the special pleasure of seeing a difficult thing done with ease by an expert who can obviously do things more difficult with as easy a precision. One sees gifts used with delicacy and adroitness, and one is aware of other gifts unused here because not needed.

Many actors, having a charming and distinguished person to play, seem to aim directly at charm and distinction. To Mr. Sothern these qualities come unsought. What seems to guide him in "The Two Virtues" is only a sense of Jeffery Panton's character. In the first act, through which Jeffery pretends a useful loyalty to the woman who has jilted him, the charm is extra-dry. In the second act we realize that if a person be agreeable enough he cannot, no matter what he takes for granted, give offense. Cardinal Newman, who thought this talent for not offending one of the notes of a gentleman, would hardly have approved the use Jeffery makes of it. Something shrewd and salt, wit and sufficient insight, keep Jeffery from being merely charming, keep him free from over-sweetness. Such is the figure Mr. Sutro has set at the center of his water-color comedy, which seems less conscious of its cleverness than a play so clever has any right to seem. Unlabored aptness and neatness are the qualities of his dialogue. Of Mr. Sutro's attitude toward his subject this play tells very little. He believes, I gather, that chastity is often put too high among the virtues, charity too low. To me, as I watched the play, both virtues appeared very unimportant. Miss Charlotte Walker as Mrs. Guildford left me quite incredulous of Mrs. Guildford's unchastity. She was evidently not an unchaste woman: she had merely undergone now and then an unchaste woman's experience. Perhaps that was the impression Miss Charlotte Walker wanted her to make. Perhaps Mr. Sutro's wish was the same. And it is the acting, I am sure, which makes the other virtue, charity, seem so negligible. Miss Haidee Wright plays the uncharitable woman, Lady Milligan, with extraordinary intelligence. Miss Wright's sense of proportion, the art with which she finds and keeps the right worldly tone, never too loud, would make her remarkable in any company.

A good deal of life would be excluded from the stage if everything were excluded which the stage has made too familiar. An incident in "The Bargain," Mr. Herman Scheffauer's play at the Comedy Theatre, reminded me of this. Simon Lusskin, an elderly pawnbroker, lends a poor woman who is ill ever so much more money than her pledge is worth. But he does it in such an everyday tone, his daughter, who helps him in the shop, comments on his generosity in such an everyday tone, that one forgives the incident its familiarity. There is, besides, another reason for not minding. Mr. Scheffauer has sincerely felt Simon Lusskin's character. He has drawn it with an unobtrusive observation that is true as far as it goes. In making the character live he is immensely helped by the beautiful acting of Mr. Louis Calvert, who composes a real portrait, dignified, simple, not touched up or smoothed out into mere nobility. A sign that this figure is an exceptional performance, both by actor and playwright, is that it does live in spite of the rest of the play, which, except for a pair of young lovers who excuse their existence by looking at their love affair with somewhat modern eyes, is wholly conventional and mediocre. The play is also inexperienced. Mrs. Lusskin's usefulness to the story is not easy to guess. However, Simon Lusskin himself and Mr. Louis Calvert's acting make "The Bargain" worth seeing.

Q. K.

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Books and Things

A FRESH eye and a fresh ear! What wouldn't I give for them, when reading an author with whose thought and manner I am over-familiar! When reading, for example, Colonel Roosevelt in the October *Metropolitan,* where he maintains that we should have protested against the violation of Belgium's neutrality, and that we should continue the export of munitions to the Allies. Now it often pleases me, as it often pleases all men except a few queer and favored persons, to hear our own opinions repeated by the voice of a confident and loud-barking male. Then why, when I open the *Metropolitan* and begin expectantly, does that voice sound in my ears neither male nor loud-barking? Why does it sow in me the seed of an irritation which grows a little, and then a little more, and then dies slowly, as attention wanders, and the reader, lulled by the Colonel's uniform emphasis, is at last at peace with him, at peace with the world, nodding, asleep?

Waked by the impact of my pipe on the floor I start, tell myself I am no quitter, and begin again, at the beginning. "I am partly of German blood," says the Colonel in his second paragraph, "and I am exactly as proud of this blood as of the blood of other strains that flows in my veins." Again I am struggling to keep awake, and at a moment when sleep has almost got the upper hand other sentences, vaguely suggested by this one, come out of the smoke and take shape: "I live partly on breakfast food, and I am exactly as much made of this food as of the food at other meals which break up my day." This unpleasing process repeats itself. Here is the Colonel's own sentence: "Of course, if sales of munitions are improper in time of war, they are precisely as improper in time of peace, for in time of peace they are made only with a view to possible war." And here is what happens to it in a brain bemused: "Of course, if apple pies are impious at the hours of meals, they are precisely as impious between those hours, for between meals pies are baked only with a view to possible meals." Off and on through the article the same thing keeps happening, and sometimes, as in the case of this sentence, I am sleepily uncertain of its authorship: "If America means nothing but a squabbling congeries of Boston-Americans, Chicago-Americans, New York-Americans, St. Louis-Americans, Philadelphia-Americans, then it is not worth while to have an American league at all."

One can't be sure of one's intentions when one is half asleep, but even in the torpor of composition I don't believe the maker of these suggested sentences thought them parodies of Colonel Roosevelt's style. They are obviously not that, but only rough copies of his prose rhythms. In an exact copy accented and unaccented syllables would occur precisely in the order they have in the original, and this procession of syllables would pause to the ear, and the meaning would pause to the mind, precisely where Colonel Roosevelt's pauses fall. Fully awake now, I continue to read "International Duty and Hyphenated Americans," this time with an attention both eager and divided, for prose rhythms not the Colonel's come to life in my head, and at last, paying little attention to meaning, taking almost the first words that present themselves, I am trying to copy the movements of other men's prose.

"What Roosevelt wrote in the leisure of his age, with fire and at length, I have undertaken to peruse in my remaining years, struggling with sleep, oppressed by boredom, tied to my armchair, liable to be interrupted in all I read." Barring a slight untruthfulness, and a slight lack of meaning, that is a good sentence, I flatter—no, not myself, but Dryden, in whose postscript to his translation of Virgil you will find: "What Virgil wrote in the vigor of his age, in plenty and at ease, I have undertaken to translate in my declining years; struggling with wants, oppressed by sickness, curbed in my genius, liable to be misconstrued in all I write."

"He took up his pen, and sentences flowed from it like streams, like many inland streams, that go seeking their level forever, or flowed, when he bade them, unmaking and making their stationery picture, like fountains, endlessly." This is an even rougher copy of Mr. Max Beerbohm's rhythm than its predecessor was of Dryden's, as a glance at the original, which I have quoted before in this column, will show: "He blew on his pipe, and words came tripping round him like children, like pretty little children who are perfectly drilled for the dance, or came, did he will it, treading in their precedence, like kings, gloomily."

If one started early in life, at eighteen or seventeen, and imitated prose rhythms as carefully as people try to write the Spenserian stanza, or alcaics, or Petrarchian sonnets, or heroic complets, or blank verse, I wonder whether one would at last find out how to "make a noise of his own" in prose? These sentences copied from Mr. Max Beerbohm and Dryden, although to you they are only acts of sacrilege, have at least the merit of being quite unlike the sentences I write when I let myself alone. Perhaps Colonel Roosevelt, if even now he gave himself to such an exercise in imitation, would attain an awakening variety, would rock fewer readers to sleep in the cradle of his emphasis. And possibly, since what we say is partly found for us by the rhythm in which we say it, such an exercise would give even our meaning a little newness. Break your thought to new rhythms and you may fall to thinking new thoughts.

While my mind has been wandering, I have kept reading away, and here and there one of Colonel Roosevelt's sentences makes a picture: "I am partly of German blood, and I am exactly as proud of this blood as of the blood of other strains that flows in my veins." One sees a moving picture, a glass labeled "pride," a man dividing this pride with accurate hand into parts as many as the nations that his ancestors belonged to. It seems a strictly mechanical process, corresponding to nothing that ever took place in the soul of any human being.

And how shall we bring into a harmony what the Colonel says about our legal right to export munitions with what he says here: "Selling arms to a belligerent may be morally either very right or very wrong. This depends absolutely upon the justice of the cause in which the arms are to be used." And with what he says here: "Of course, if sales of munitions are improper in time of war, they are precisely as improper in time of peace, for in time of peace they are made only with a view to possible war." Does this mean that we shall be doing morally very wrong if in time of peace we sell arms to the nation whose cause will be unjust in the next war? If this is the Colonel's meaning, and if no prophet discloses the future, we are as a nation almost certain to fall into sin. Or do I merely need —see above—a fresh eye?

P. L.

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Ironies

The Lonely Way; Intermezzo; Countess Mizzi. Three Plays by Arthur Schnitzler. Translated with an introduction by Edwin Björkman. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50 net.

FORGET that Arthur Schnitzler is the creator of Anatol and other adventurers in sentiment; forget that he has loved the sophistication of ante-bellum Vienna; forget even that he is a skilful playwright, manœuvring people on the stage before an audience. Think of him as a man facing his own life. Think of him as temporarily estranged from his habitual ways of accounting for himself, and passionately curious about the tangibility of his experience, as if he had suddenly come upon it for the first time. Imagine him looking about at the world as a freshly arrived traveller, feeling vividly the need to establish a relation between the urgent reality in himself and some equally vital reality outside. What is there satisfying here? What can he grasp? How can he prove his genuine aliveness before he is cut off? There is no more profound emotion than this.

The driving desire in "The Lonely Way" ("Der Einsame Weg") is this search for comprehension, this reaching out towards reality. The first scene is a garden, pleasing enough, surrounded by buildings "so that no outlook of any kind is to be had." Johanna Wegrat, a young girl, cannot find enough material of life in it. In the house is her mother, ill, soon to die. Johanna revolts from illness and death—which sounds under the whole play like an organ-point, giving richness to the rest. To Felix, her brother, just returned from an outlying army post, Johanna expresses her restlessness to be off—out. But he discourages her. "Oh, it sounds big! But one doesn't get so very far off—not in any respect." She envies and loves von Sala, a dramatic poet, who has lived in the world, lost his wife and daughter, and has not been wholly happy. It is not happiness she wants, but more than that—completion. Von Sala in turn is not content to die until he has satisfied his curiosity about a partially excavated ancient city, with a long flight of great marble steps leading down—to what? The doctor enters; he loves Johanna and will not win her. He is a decent man who knows he is shut off from much that he wants on account of his decency. Wegrat, President of the Academy of Arts, comes in. He has had ambitions, but knows he has become institutional, painting every year "his nice little picture for the exhibition." He has been content to shut out the distance, for he loves his wife and children. But his wife is going, his daughter is a stranger to him, and his son—as it appears later—is not really his son. Julian Fichtner, a painter with a touch of genius, is the father of Felix. Julian had deserted the mother for the sake of his genius, for the unknown, for the distance. But now his power to create is gone; he has not been able to rest even in his work. He has reached middle age, and longs for his son. Felix learns that Wegrat is not his father. But he cannot feel it; the news brings him no closer to Fichtner. Irene Herms, a retired actress, has been Fichtner's mistress. Now, when it is too late, she longs for the children that might have been born to her. And she discovers that Fichtner has a son—Felix. Under these situations the people in the play unfold until they have no secrets from us.

There is nothing perverse in the creation of these difficulties; there is nothing barren about the play. It moves with the fulness and mystery of living, and the dialogue searches almost tenderly through to the far borders of emotion. We feel at first that the one genuine thing in the midst of space is the relation between human beings. At the end we believe that even this is transitory, that at most we are guests at each other's tables. Of this we could not be even temporarily sure unless the relationships had been warmly imagined. Perhaps it is the sympathy of this imagination that keeps the play from seeming chilly or futile. Perhaps it is the rich and delicate magic of the creator that ennobles it. Perhaps it is the hunger of the underlying passion. That, at least, remains unassuaged and real. It gives dignity to being alone. Schnitzler has not found less than the casual player at living; he has looked for more.

"Intermezzo" ("Zwischenspiel") is the kind of comedy that comes when we are able to laugh at those we love, when the laughter and the love increase each other, and when both give sun to the understanding. Ironical without acidity, it uses one of Schnitzler's main comic impulses—the desire to betray the controlled, sophisticated man into showing the natural man in himself. At the beginning is introduced the seventh year of a marriage between two clever musicians, who have decided to be sensible and civilized about sentiment. They love each other, but they have agreed that they will never hold each other from new loves, and that they will tell each other everything. There is a lover for each in the offing. From this postulate the play grows, without the introduction of a single adventitious character or motive, into constantly unexpected situations. Through dialogue so brilliant that we are always invited to detect the showman fabricating unrealities for our amusement, our suspicion is converted into confidence that here, after all, is something genuine. Little by little the sophistication destroys itself—but at the end the simple, natural man appears infinitely more complex than the original clever one.

Almost the hardest in surface of Schnitzler's comedies, as well as the most popular, is the one-act "Countess Mizzi, or the Family Reunion" ("Komtesse Mizzi, oder der Familientag"). It is a comedy of revelation; almost everything that we know when the curtain goes down has happened before it goes up. But the changes have taken place in the audience. At the beginning they see the courteous exterior of a few quite commonplace people, trained by polite society to show nothing that they feel. At the end the audience is aware of an intimate set of relationships, of which they have learned with the avidity with which one listens to scandal. Rarely has more mischievous and kindly use been made of this lurking desire to discover that our neighbors are not punctilious units of a social machine, but flesh and blood.

The three plays are printed in the chronological order of their writing and production. The translator, Mr. Edwin Björkman, has had the bravery to attack and be often defeated by the difficulties which wait for the translator of any author who uses his own language so intimately as does Schnitzler. "Intermezzo" came off better than the others. It is not likely that a reader who is not familiar with the originals will miss much in the English of the other two.

Schnitzler is not a writer whose work one has the power to appraise on short acquaintance. America must know him better before it can decide for itself. But this book should make it plain that America must at all events know him.

GEORGE SOULE.

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Heroes and Hero-Worship

The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson, by Graham Balfour. New Edition. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson for Boys and Girls, by Jacqueline M. Overton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00.

SCOTLAND is still, preëminently, the land of "heroes and hero-worship." There, to this day, the gaze of child after child is duly directed towards the Covenanters of old, the doings of these being upheld the while as constituting the single example worth following. And Burns clubs are multiplying apace, one of them, lugubriously, "celebrating the immortal memory on teetotal lines," as the club's secretary annually informs his compatriots; while there are no signs yet of any imminent cessation throughout northern Britain of the pathetic practice of trying to prove Mary Queen of Scots a pattern of the cardinal virtues. None of her idols, however, does Scotland worship quite so passionately as her Benjamin; and not content with hailing him as an author of the first magnitude —an essayist to be compared with Charles Lamb and Pater, a teller of tales to be bracketed with the mighty Sir Walter—she has gradually commenced to regard him as a prophet, one whose deeds no less surely than those of the Covenanters should be recounted to youth for its spiritual welfare. The prayers which he wrote at Vailima, imitations though they are of what may be heard in any typical Scottish church, are sold far and near in Edinburgh and Glasgow, the volume appropriately bound in a way suggesting piety; while sermons are preached about the writer by eminent divines, one of these, indeed, having lately employed his ingenuity in concocting a book on Stevenson's faith. Moreover, Scotland has a signal gift for foisting her heroes on other lands; for just as Ossian was deified in the France of the Empire, Napoleon causing his own bedroom to be painted with pictures of scenes from the Ossianic legends, so this idolatry of R. L. S. has attained amazing currency, planting its roots nearly as firmly in America as in the author's native soil. One falls to wondering now and then how long this estimate of Stevenson the man is destined to endure, how long his writings will continue to be set on their present lofty and dazzling pinnacle. And these questions have been brought home of late by the publication of Miss Overton's life of Tusitala, together with the reissuing of his official biography by Mr. Graham Balfour, the former book devoid of literary excellence, the latter written in a finely fluent and spirited fashion, while both are garnished with curiously inartistic illustrations.

One pauses before essaying these speculations, pauses inevitably, there being hardly anyone to-day who has not owed wine and song on lonely evenings to Stevenson's charming creations. Nevertheless, concerning everything purporting to be art, it is right to ask fearlessly and ruthlessly: Out of what depth of life does this thing speak? And applying that test now, how wholly unsatisfactory is the answer which, somewhat reluctantly, shapes itself in the mind. "The splendid part to think of is," says Miss Overton, in speaking of Stevenson's ill health, "that no hint of his dark days and pains crept into his writings. . . . ." And therein she unconsciously belittles her idol, inasmuch as it is the province of the real master, one of the noblest functions open to him, to distill æsthetic beauty from sorrow. Think of what the storm and stress of Burns's life yielded artistically, the poet crystalizing his darkest hours in immortal song; and think of all that Watteau's consumption meant to him, or Beethoven's deafness; nor is it necessary to do more than cite the "moonlight" sonata, and the pensive *Embarquement pour l'Ile de Cythère,* to clench and illuminate the point a hundredfold. In Stevenson, on the other hand, one looks virtually in vain for insignia of the deeper passions, albeit he experienced them; and reading "St. Ives" and "The Wrecker," "Treasure Island" and "The Master of Ballantrae," the impression is received that each was made coldly, deliberately, like a mathematical problem. It is true that without form there can be no real art of any sort; true again that in all Stevenson's stories the main elements are arranged into superb synthesis, while every phrase is a prodigy of jeweled neatness. Only, this hardly makes him a prince among stylists, as his idolaters contend.

For the master of style is not one who just states things prettily or concisely, rather he who succeeds in expressing clearly the finer shades of feeling, those moods and moments when the sad inadequacy of human speech becomes all too evident. It is hard to recall any great triumph of this kind on Stevenson's part, whether as essayist, novelist or poet. Mr. Balfour relates that the author, at one juncture, gave up reading Carlyle and then Livy, fearful lest they should have a bad influence on his own style; while he himself, in a familiar passage, has told with what sedulousness he emulated the manner of certain of his predecessors, adding blandly: "That, like it or not, is the only way to learn to write." Now that assertion of his, along with his biographer's statement, lays

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bare his most vulnerable point, showing how lean was his individual inspiration, reminding how shallow is much which he expressed so elegantly, how seldom he escaped from the academic attitude, being generally preoccupied, like Fromentin in painting, Scarlatti in music, more with the way he said a thing than with what he said.

And if to view Stevenson as a great instead of a merely charming writer, is to wrong him with indiscriminate eulogy, still more unjust is it to regard him as a hero simply because he loved his work, clinging to it loyally under adverse circumstances. Lafcadio Hearn was half blind, Delacroix was threatened all his life with a horrible throat complaint, Boucher died at his easel, Hector Berlioz with a symphony in hand. Yet their artistic ardor is never made a topic for sermons, while Whistler is never held up as a model for youth, by reason of the sixty sittings he demanded ere the portrait of Miss Alexander approximated his eternally exacting ideal. To the artist, remember, his work is everything; and to exalt him for gratifying his passion, perhaps immolating himself accordingly, is like exalting the belle who martyrs herself in the quest to add to her native beauty. Stevenson, one may be sure, would have resented greatly this endeavor to add his name to the catalogue of the saints; and it would please him far better to know that his memory is affectionately cherished, even now, in some of his well-loved Bohemian haunts in Edinburgh, his wit being still admiringly quoted in these places: that sparkling and abundant wit of his, which, unlike the least lovable of his books, was invariably anything but *virginibus puerisque*.

W. G. Blaikie Murdoch.

Mexican Myths

History of Mexico, by Hubert Howe Bancroft. New York: The Bancroft Publishing Co. $2.00 net.

As an historian Mr. Bancroft is to be classed with Herodotus rather than with more recent writers. Much of the "history" was written and printed in 1887 under the title, "A Popular History of the Mexican People"; "the term 'people,' in the absence of an intelligent middle class as the mainstay of the body politic essential in every properly ordained republican government, applying to the upper element rather than to the lower or menial order of society." Such was also the conception of the historian's proper field entertained by the Father of History (vulgo, the Father of Lies). The fidelity of Mr. Bancroft to the manner of Herodotus is most strikingly illustrated in the treatment of the early period of Mexican history:

"In the year 994 Huemac II ascended the throne of Tollam. But soon he gave himself up to evil practices, indulging in the pleasures of the wine cup, and dealing treacherously with his subjects. A sorcerer named Loveyo gathered a vast crowd near Tollam and kept them dancing to the beat of his drum until midnight, when, by reason of the darkness and their intoxication, they crowded each other over a precipice into a deep ravine, where they were turned into stone. In the hope of appeasing the angry gods a sacrifice of captives was ordered; but when a young boy, chosen by lot as the first victim, was placed upon the altar, and the knife plunged into his breast, there was found no heart in his body and his veins were without blood."

As one might anticipate, the extension of the narrative down to 1914 is characterized by the same romantic quality as the parts of the work written before 1887. Diaz is always able, pure, benevolent. Madero was a poor, weak theorist "weighing rather less than 137 pounds." "Better for the Maderos, the quiet enjoyment of their broad lands and numerous flocks and herds as heretofore; better for Mexico—perhaps, who can tell?—the beneficent rule of a mild dictatorship than anarchy under the domination of bandits and assassins." No doubt. But what the American reader, who just now may have responsibilities toward Mexico, really needs is not an account of Mexican conditions derived from historical skimmings and poetic imagination, but real information, including in its scope "the lower or menial order of society" as well as the chieftains. We are rather more in the dark about Mexico than we should have been had this book never been written.

A Tragic Life

The Story of Canada Blackie, by Anne P. L. Field, with an introduction by Thomas Mott Osborne. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.00 net.

Unfortunately the story of Canada Blackie is not told in this book. It's there, but it is between the lines, discernible only by those who have explored the dark places of life. The author has collected letters written by this extraordinary prisoner during his last days, when, weakened by disease, the prison reform movement through the agency of Thomas Mott Osborne lifted the weight of stone and iron with which the state was slowly crushing the outlaw soul to death.

The book is a great deal more a story of Thomas Mott Osborne and his achievements in prison reform than it is a story of Canada Blackie. For the purpose of propaganda against the present prison system that may be pardonable. Yet the most powerful argument against the popular superstitions regarding crime and criminals would have been the real story of this man—the reactions of this strong spirit against those factors of its environment that turned unusual abilities to anti-social uses.

Blackie himself might have told the story some day had he lived. His letters show flashes of mental power which, turned upon the problem of his own career, might, with the healing influence of freedom, have given the world a story as big as his tragedy. As it is, one who reads between the lines gets a glimpse of that tragedy. It is a tragedy of a wrong social system, not merely a vicious prison system.

Blackie's letters do not indicate that he saw beyond the fact of the prison's savagery. But the writer knows that he had glimpses of the deeper causes. The long years of "solitary" and twenty months of total blackness in the dark cell would hardly make for clear vision. Few men would have survived it with unimpaired reason. Few in fact would have survived at all.

I met Blackie in the prison yard at Auburn the day he emerged from his five long years of solitary confinement and was permitted to mingle with his fellow prisoners. I had only to look at him to see that here was a powerful character unbroken by the worst that the prison system could inflict upon him. I saw the impress pain had made upon his strong face, and when I shook hands with him I saw the scars upon the wrists by which he had been hung in handcuffs at Joliet, twenty years before. I knew then that back of every line in that face and back of the deep fires in his eyes was a big story. It is too bad it was never told.

Benjamin J. Legere.

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